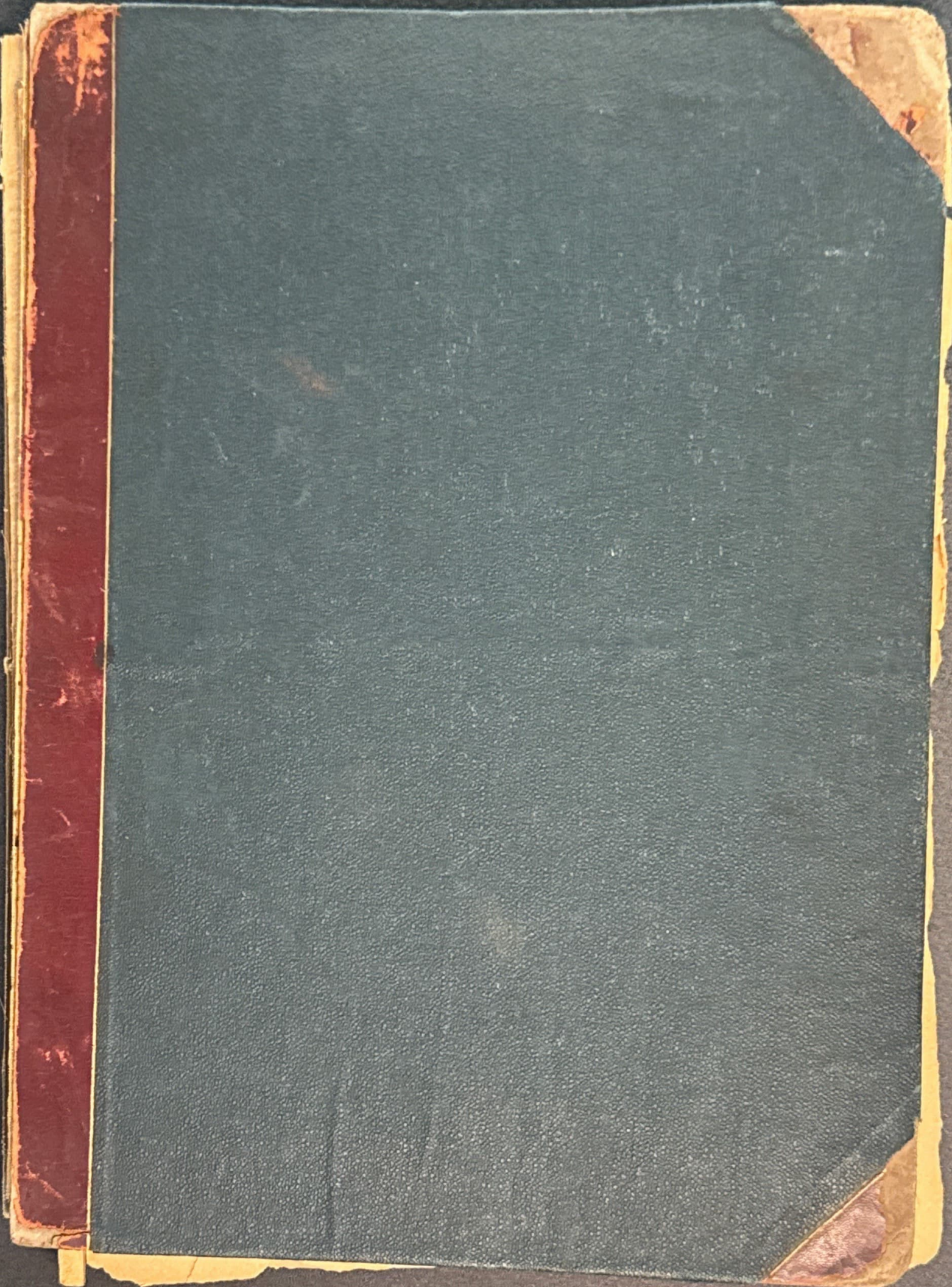






E Laine ou Pour Irving.
Peach Point.
October 6th.
1896.



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IRVING

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NEW-YORK AND JERSEY CITY.—Foremost in the resolution passed by the Board of Councilmen, at their session on Wednesday, p. m., thirteen members of the Board assembled at the Board assembled at the City Hall, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, to attend the funeral in a body. They, the best of their Special Counselors—Messrs. Leht, Otis, and Van Tine— and accompanied by Recorder Barnard and other prominent citizens, the party entered a car at Chambers street, especially tendered them by the Railroad Company, and left in the 11 o'clock train.

All the members of the Common Council wore the customary mourning badges upon the left arm, and black gloves, in accordance with the resolutions passed by both Boards on Wednesday; the flags on the City Hall, and other public, and on many private buildings, and the shipping, were at half-mast. The fire-alarm bells commenced to toll at 1 o'clock, and the bells of many of the churches were also tolled.

At Jersey City, the flags on the steamship Africa, and on the ferry-boats, &c., were displayed at half-mast.

May 15th - 1911
N. Y. Herald-

PAYS \$10,000 FOR LETTERS OF IRVING

G. D. Smith Acquires Interesting Correspondence Between Distinguished Author and Henry Brevoort.

Letters written by Washington Irving which detail incidents of his life from 1800 to 1850—some of the best periods of his literary activity—have been acquired for \$10,000 by Mr. George D. Smith, the well known dealer in rare books and autographs.

All the doubts and fears, hopes and aspirations of this brilliant American man of letters are recorded in these letters, not in all. The minutest are written on large size paper and many of them consist of five or six closely written pages in the author's fine and exact hand. Most of them were written to his friend, Henry Brevoort, of John street, and they were obtained from the estate of a kinsman, J. Carson Brevoort.

On the top of the pile of letters is one written in 1809 in which Irving writes in triumphant fashion of having at last found a publisher for his "Knickerbocker History of New York," who was to print a first edition of 1,000 copies of the work and guarantee him \$1,200.

For a time Irving seems to have carried on his literary activities at Kinderhook, New York. One of his messengers upbraids his friend for not telling him that a "pasquet" had been sent to him by steamboat. Although he feared that the pasquet contained a rejected manuscript, he was none the less disturbed about it.

The author was often in Philadelphia in connection with his contributions to the *American Magazine*, and some of the letters are from that city.

Other intimacies are taken up with observations on the war of 1812, for Irving was on the staff of the Governor during the conflict with Great Britain. One letter warns his friend against a man who, he says, had confessed that his business in New York was that of a spy and agent of the British, but that he had sold his secrets to the Americans. Irving warns Henry Brevoort against this person as being far from desirable as an acquaintance.

News was a scarce commodity in those days and the people depended much on correspondence, and for this reason the personal letters seem voluminous. There were no stamps and envelopes, and each letter was folded and sealed with wax.

Manners and customs of the time are dwelt upon in the entertaining and delightful style of this grand old writer. In one he refers to a visit he made to the house of a friend, where he met a man known both to him and Mr. Brevoort.

"I found Peter," continues the writer, "in the finest blaze of gallantry and elegance, with a fan in one hand and a cane in the other, declaiming in his *Wid Henrycomb* style to a knot of little blossoms, one of whom I found to be Miss Bessie."

With the letters is a manuscript in which the author had jotted down some of the latest points in his career, recording his life in the hardware business, his going to London and finally ending with his being appointed in 1842 as Minister to Spain.

The letters are so replete with incidents and facts of Irving's life that they are a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the author.



WITH OLD TIME FORMALITY.

New York delegation, formerly president of the Congress and afterward Minister to England and first Chief Justice of the United States. But greater than he was the General himself. His dignity unimpaired by the joyful news just received of "Dandy Wayne's" wonderful victory at Stony Point, to lead the minute in the evening with the bottle he had given away in the afternoon on the lawn. And in his suite came Light Horse Harry Lee, fired by Mel Anthony's venture to the planning of the brilliant surprise he shortly afterward effected at Paulus Hook. Tradition says that he even postured his chief at the wedding feast for leave for this undertaking. A surer tradition handed down to the Doors of to-day by a daughter of the bridal pair, who died but a few years ago, says that after the event the soldiers from the camp at Morristown insisted on seeing the bride. Like a soldier's daughter, she went out in her full and white satin and high heeled slippers and great toes, and faced the frank admiration of the Continentals with a smile and a courtesy which brought her a round of cheers.

So they were married and went honeymooning to Colonel Duane's country seat at Rhinebeck. All the Defeatist Peace cause, and they with the rest of society went back to town.

Probably this was the last of formality at Baskinridge, for when Christmas and the merry-making winter season came again patriot hopes were low and the marauding lines were crossing the frozen North River and upper bay on ice to harry Jersey houses, and Lord Milford had to force his worried men on night marches through the snow instead of giving allianse anniversary balls. And when peace came the guest had reached the stout heart of his master of Baskinridge, and his seat was a room at the headquarters of his northern district command in Albany.

The birth of two sons, distinguished by their own attainments in mature life, blessed the well-to-do began under Washington's auspices. One was the college president afterwards named, and the other an ornament of the New York Bench. More notable than that, however, is the fact that the stock has not run to seed, as so much of the Revolutionary stock has, but remains a strong and worthy one to-day.



THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY IN THE INN
WITH THE ROBBER GANG.

(This plate is a reproduction, in half-tone, of one of the photographic illustrations in the Van Kortlandt edition of Irving's "Tales of a Traveller." These photographic illustrations are each printed on Japan paper, and mounted.)

WASHINGTON IRVING.

unlike Washington Irving are no deeper interest to those who study those of the Hudson and the Atlantic he so expertly guides to the every American, the literature of whose country is so perfumed and ennobled—but in every Old or New-World reader of that language, to which he added some of his choicest treasures, and with which his fame is inseparably and secure.

SCENE AT HUNTERS.

It was our privilege to mingle reverently with the circle of relatives and near friends, who assembled yesterday morning at Sunnyside, before Mr. Irving's remains were conveyed to the Church at Tarrytown, where the public funeral services were held. The day was clear and warm, the landscape mellowed with the haze of the lingering Indian Summer, and the broad Tappan Zee, the western uplands, and the romantic fastnesses of "Wolfen Butte," never looked in more picturesque harmony. That the Magdalen, who had dwelt amid and loved the scene, was silent forever—the charm was broken, and the wand smote in vain! And, as we wound through the path he had set others tread, it seemed as if the dust and vapors, in their naked confusion, were mourning the departure of him whose house they had guarded lovingly and so long.

The remains were yesterday morning, for the first time, placed in the coffin, and were lying in the north-west corner of the vaulted-passage, familiar to those who have loved to read of Irving. The soil was ground a long, last look at the precious dust, and we left behind the spot where his years were so ripe and fruitful. Very few were present, except the immediate family connections, it being understood that no services were to be held at the house.

The body was robed in a plain black suit, with white cravat and collar, and as the light struck the features of the deceased, it seemed almost as if he were sleeping in his coffin, and the touch of death left there. The face was thinner than we had seen it, but there was the same repose, and the same imaginative, noble brow. At the left of the coffin hung the celebrated portrait by Davis; by its side were the center-tables—on the left, covered with books—and his favorite chair, standing in the position where he occupied it last. It seemed as if the grief of the bereaved ones was tempered even then and then by the thought of his well-founded life, and the enthusiasm that was his lot.

At about 12 m. the family procession left Sunnyside, with the body winding through the lovely grounds to the east, and then two miles north, over a road lined with beautiful trees and mansions, to the village of Tarrytown.

CHURCH SERVICE.

This church, where the public services were held, is Episcopal, and is the one of which Mr. Irving was a communicant, a worshiper, and a constant attendant. The Rev. Dr. William Creighton is the pastor, and the Rev. James R. Spencer his assistant. It is a plain, brick edifice, erected some 25 years ago, and will seat about 600 people. The style of architecture is Grecian, but the windows are Gothic, and of stained glass. Long before the hour for the arrival of the funeral train, the church was filled, except the seats reserved for the families and invited guests, with the laborers of Tarrytown, Irvington, and vicinity, and the walks in front, as well as the churchyard, were completely occupied. At about 12 1/2 o'clock, the train from New-York brought from 700 to 800 of our citizens, and residents of towns along the road, who had left their daily pursuits to mingle in the last sad rites.

Among the well-known literary and professional men who were present, we observed Dr. P. W. Wallis, esq. [who had come down from Ellerswood, with his family on a and far different occasion from that of his last visit to Sunnyside, so vividly described in his late letter]; the Hon. George Bancroft; ex-Judge Kent; Henry T. Tuckerman, esq.; the Hon. Ogden Edwards; the Hon. John Van Buren; Frederick Sammons, esq.; and others. A number of the members of the New-York Board of Commissioners were also present in person, and the joint resolutions adopted Wednesday, but not at the funeral, appeared; also, Messrs. William B. Astor, George Folsom, and the other Trustees of the Astor Library. The names of the pall-bearers will be given in their place.

The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Creighton, and the Rev. Mr. Spencer, his assistant. But a large number of divines, from our own and other dioceses, were in the church, testifying by their robust presence to the goodness and purity of the departed man. We observed the Right Rev. Bishop Potter of New-York; the Rev. Drs. Taylor, Morgan, Vinton, McVicker, and Johnson; the Rev. Mr. Meade of Tarrytown; the Rev. Messrs. Farrington, Dennison, and Rabbit of New-York City; and the Rev. Mr. Moore of Hempstead, L. I.

THE SERVICE AT THE CHURCH.

In accordance with the often-expressed wish of Mr. Irving, the services were strictly in keeping with the beautiful form of the Church of England, with no unusual address or ceremony. A few minutes after 1, the coffin was brought up the north aisle, preceded by the Rev. Dr. Creighton and the Rev. Mr. Spencer, the latter of whom read the form, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, with the Lord," and the pall-bearers, of whom there were eight, as follows: Conversations Ramble of Cold Spring, Putnam County, the oldest intimate friend of the deceased; Dr. J. G. Cogswell, Librarian of the Astor Library; Prof. James Hamilton; Col. James A. Hamilton; Col. James Watson Webb; Henry Shoben, esq.; Messrs. Geo. T. Morgan and Nathaniel D. Robinson—the two latter gentlemen being co-venturers of Mr. Irving, and his near friends.

The mourning relatives followed the coffin and took the seats reserved for them. While the body was being placed in front of the chancel, the choir chanted the psalm from the 20th and 20th Psalms: "Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days." Directly following, the Lesson, familiar to all, from the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, was impressively read by the Rev. Dr. Creighton. At the conclusion of the Lesson the choir sang the last three stanzas of the 20th Hymn, commencing "Behold, the unsundered Angel host." At the close the Reader stated there would be no more services at the church, and that all who chose could have an opportunity of viewing the features of the deceased.

Turning up the south aisle and down the north, the people looked at the beloved remains. The coffin was of dark woodwork, plainly but richly studded, and adorned with three wreaths of Japanese, entwined with laurel. On a silver plate was the simple inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING.

New April 4 A. D. 1793.

New April 4 A. D. 1793.

Just before the lid was closed, a ray of sunlight, shooting through the illumined glass of the south window, lit up the serene face with a glory that seemed the very reflex of the brighter land.

About 2 p. m., the procession was formed to convey the remains to their last resting-place. It moved in the following order: 1st. The Clergy; 2d. Pall-bearers; 3d. The Hears; 4th. Relatives; and invited guests; 5th. The Council of the City of New-York; 6th. Scholars of the Irving Institute; 7th. A number of about 100, on foot; 7th. Citizens in general. The procession itself was about one quarter of a mile in length, and many hundreds, besides, had already gathered in the Cemetery prior to its arrival. Moving still northward, with the city of Hudson and the morning village over view, it passed the Andre Monument on the left, and so on for a mile, to the lovely hill where the Tarrytown Cemetery is located. The streets through which it moved were draped with mourning, the shops were the shops and dwellings throughout the place, the flags at the river-side were at half-mast; the church-bells tolling, and all business suspended to be expended for the day.

SCENE PLACED ON THE HILL.

This tiny-green hill is romantically located on a hill overlooking the famous "Sleepy Hollow," where the bridge of the "Headless Horseman" is still pointed out. Near the entrance is the old Dutch Church, alluded to by Mr. Irving in his works. It was erected in 1697, by "Fred. Philipps and Catherine Van Cortlandt," his wife,—"so says the ancient tablet. The lot of the Irving-family has a south elevation on the S. W. side of the ground, and commands the loveliest view of the Hudson anywhere obtainable. In it are already deposited the ashes of William Irving and wife—the parents of Washington; his brothers, Peter and William; and the wife of the latter; and the wife and three children of Gen. Eb. Irving, the surviving brother of the deceased.

All the graves are marked with very plain and unpretending marble stones. The grave of Washington Irving was made, at his own request, by the side of his mother's.

On arrival of the funeral cortege at the spot, the solemn Burial Service was read by the Rev. Dr. Creighton, while thousands gathered mournfully and silently around.

The Reader seemed greatly affected in the performance of his last office—his utterance being almost choked with emotion. Some members of the choir chanted the Anthem—"I heard a voice from Heaven; saying, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"—during which the aged brother of the deceased was visibly overcome. This concluded the services, and the people lingeringly dispersed, but not till after the grave was filled with earth, and sodded over, and honored with a wreath of boys—the tribute to fame—which a lady placed last of all at its head.

And there Washington Irving rests—and the very scene he legendized, and consecrated for all time. Fit burial-place for the author and the man: on the banks of his own darling river—the town he best loved waving over him—his tomb the shrine of the dearest literary associations, this future Mecca of many a pilgrim who will honor and long to emulate his fame.

THE BEREAVED FAMILY.

Gen. Spencer Irving, the surviving brother of the deceased, is 86 years old, and was consequently Washington's senior by ten years. He feels keenly the shock of his brother's death, having thought that, in the course of nature, his own summons would have been the first. His three unmarried daughters, Catherine, Julia, and Mary, are the sisters who have kept house for the deceased, and tenderly cherished and lightened his declining age. Another daughter, Sarah, is the wife of Wm. Grinnell, esq., of Havana, N. Y. His son, the Rev. Pierre M. Irving, of Brighton, Staten Island, was the last person to whom Mr. Irving spoke before his death. The Rev. Theodore Irving, also of Staten Island, is another son—and there are two others, whose names we did not obtain. Pierre P. Irving, esq., nephew of the deceased by an older brother, and brother of Mrs. Mason H. Grinnell, forms one of the bereaved family at Sunnyside.

MR. IRVING'S LAST WISHES.

Those who have seen much of Mr. Irving, for some time past, say that he retained to the last his creature of nature and noble bearing. A few days before his death, while suffering painfully from the catarrhal attack which hastened it, he uttered a very little only, as if from weakness in the chest. His death was wrongly reported as having taken place at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. He conversed with his usual spirits and sang in the family moments, until about 10 o'clock, when he rose to retire, and had proceeded as far as his bed-chamber, on the second story, before he fell in death.

WASHINGTON IRVING AS A CITIZEN.

It has been said that the most trying test to which the character of a famous author can be subjected is the estimation in which he is held by those every-day neighbors, who feel the actual contact of his social influence, and know him best as a man. The full roundness of fame is seen better at a distance, and the absorbing pursuits of momentary authorship are too apt to engender harsh mannerisms that in time overcome the many lesser virtues of private life. But Mr. Irving could well abide the judgment of his fellow-citizens. Not alone the wealthy, without ostentation—yet have enhanced the natural beauty of the vicinity of Sunnyside by their exquisite summer homes, and revered and loved him with an intellectual sympathy—but the humble villagers and farmers, to whom he was so well known, were among the truest mourners that followed him to his grave.

The genial personality—the broad, loving, human heart—of Washington Irving impressed alike all classes that knew him. Many a one was heard to speak, in remembrance of his gentleness of bearing, his kindly words in the suffering, his sunny smile, his clear grey eye.

—IN 1835—

With warmest feelings of a soul
So full of memory's wealth, so glad,
So heavily laden, and clear and whole,
His memory's words would make them sad.

"Sir," said one old resident of Irvington, who had greeted him almost daily for many years, "the poor of this vicinity have lost the best friend they ever had. There never was an applicant for relief at Sunnyside, whom Mr. Irving knew to be worthy, that went away empty-handed. He visited the sick in all weather, and was a friend to the widow and the fatherless. No one hereabout can say a word except in his praise. He was a pure man, and as good to us as 'everyday life, as to the world that honored him."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ALBANY-THURSDAY THE REV. DR. OSGOOD'S REMARKS.

At the annual meeting of the Athenaeum Club of this city, held on Wednesday evening at their rooms, No. 108 Fifth Avenue, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of the Athenaeum of New-York share in the profound sorrow which is everywhere felt at the death of Washington Irving.

Resolved, That while contemplating this event, which deprives the world of one of its most illustrious ornaments, we dwell with respectful pride and affection on the memory of one who, by a long life of constant devotion to American literature, has justly earned the name of its most honored patron and representative.

Resolved, That the immortal legacy which he has left in his works entitles him to the cordial gratitude of the American people; and that the Athenaeum hereby offers its cooperation in maintaining the sentiment of public appreciation in the form of some appropriate memorial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary of the Association, be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the morning and evening papers of the city.

GEORGE FOLSOM, President.

FRANK MOORE, Secretary.

Dr. Osgood responded to these resolutions in a few words of friendly tribute to the good man's memory.







WHEN RED-COATS RULED NEW YORK



WHEN redcoats ruled New York society spent Christmas out of town. It also spent Easter and Whitsuntide, midsummer and Michaelmas and so on up to Advent and Christmas again for seven years. It was not that the English set the fashion, because the English stayed in town. It was because there was a hedge of English bayonets around Manhattan Island, which made the keeping in town of Christmas or any other holiday inconvenient for the Whig or patriot part of society. But society kept its reputation without the aid of General Howe's or Sir Henry Clinton's court, or bitterest loss of all, the presence of the young Royal Duke of Clarence, who used to go skating on Leonard Woodson at Christmas time, because the Calver was supposed to be bottomless, or the Kips or the De Laurens or the Junoes and all the other powerful families, including part of the Delaplaines, who had remained in town and fugitives.

And largely was society enabled to keep its reputation because of Major General William Byrd, better known as Lord Stirling, and Lord both by Congress and the Continental Congress. (As *Benjamin Franklin* said, "the only person who writes in the world as 'Dr Sir' and the awful George to him as 'My Lord.'") For Lord Stirling was sent at Bunkeridge, now known as the age of Stirling, four miles from Morristown, right in the middle of the war and even later it, for the building of Bunkeridge was one of the things that ruined the gentry old ladies, with his wardrobe of 312 separate pieces of attire, was the finest house in New York as was its master the most gorgeous

And there, perhaps, Lord Stirling performed his greatest service to the patriot cause. Like as was the bravery of the hero of Long Island, that was no uncommon thing in continental major generals. But the hospitality of Bunkeridge largely aided in maintaining for the Revolution that "social standing" which is a good thing for all new enterprises, be they even such high ones as the emancipation of a hemisphere. All the patriot dances who were afterward the great dances of the Republican court when society got back to town, walked those broad piazzas where the flow of Black River with their blue and buff escorts, or strolled the paved court behind the great mansion, admiring in their untravelling way, for this was the nearest approach to a nobleman's seat this side of Delaware, the gilded traces and equipages of the mansion offices.

They were the friends of pretty Lady Kitty, who later society got back to town dressed Baron Stephen's broken head when a paving stone laid him low at the time of the "Doctor's Mob," because Lady Kitty, who wrote to her august sire after a visit to her sister, Lady Mary, in New York: "One indignity we received from General Grant, who ordered a servant to mount the flag to town instead of an officer." And Lady Kitty was the Revolutionary bride who was given away by His Excellency. We do not learn that such an honor was conferred by Washington even on the daughter of General Schuyler when she married His Excellency's confidential aide-de-camp, Colonel Hamilton.

It was not a Christmas wedding, but it was almost a Christmas wedding at a Bunkeridge ball given in February, 1779, on the first anniversary of the formation of the French alliance. Lady Washington was first among the sixty ladies there, but first among the men in Lady Kitty's eyes was Colonel William Duer, of the Continental Congress. The same Colonel Duer



THE GROOM.

who, when ill, well nigh unto death, ordered a litter to be prepared to bear him to his seat in Congress to vote for Washington against the Conway Cabal, although his doctors advised him that his course would prove fatal. Son of the old cavalier house of De Vere, which had emigrated from Devon to Antigua in Cromwellian times, as Lord Stirling's father had from Scotland to New Jersey after the rising of

the '75. Colonel Duer was not a boyish lover. He had been an ensign and aide-de-camp to the great Otis in India as long before his wedding as 1762. He had been of sufficiently mature years to serve his adopted State of New York not only in the Congress of the nation, but in the first Constitutional Convention of the State. Yet he was young enough to dance all night at the ball, as General Knox wrote, and young enough to fall in love at first sight with Lady Kitty. It was not greatly to be wondered at. Even grave General Greene, who had too much of the whod horse work of the Revolution out for him by his chief to spare much time for the observation of the charms of his brother general's daughter, was struck by her, and wrote from his Bunkeridge headquarters to his wife that she was "one of the finest young ladies I have ever seen." Her three cousins (on her mother's side), Susan, Kitty and Mary Livingston, daughters of the patriot Governor of New Jersey, he lauded in the most judicial phrase of "three young ladies of distinguished merit, sensible, polite and easy."

Scarcely must have been the opportunities for further courtship after that one night's ball. Congress met in Philadelphia, and there was no Congressional Limited in those days to which the lawmakers across Jersey in ninety minutes. Doubtless there were quiet old love letters in the "powdered, perfumed Miss D'Arville" style of the day, but the son of the letter writer and biographer of Lord Stirling, Frederick Duer, of Columbia College, was not transfused of family MSS. during one of the yellow fever scares of the early part of the century, and the love letters must have been of them.

Midsummer saw the bridal. July 27 of the day. When Colonel Duer came to claim his bride he was accompanied by no less a personage than the Hon. John Jay, head of a

work. "A most excellently jocose history," he called the Knickerbocker book, and added that both Mrs. Scott and he "were sore with laughing at it."

The *Salmagundi*, a fortnightly magazine edited by William Irving and J. K. Paulding, a brother-in-law, contained many humorous papers by Washington Irving. The interest and the allusions in the magazine were chiefly local, but Irving's genius made the paper a brilliant one. It was called the *American Spectator*, and in comparing Irving's work with that of Addison, considering both as essayists (in fact, the only ground on which they meet), the American certainly excelled the Englishman in versatility and range, not to say as a historian, which Addison never was.

Irving confessed that he loved illusion and did not care to have his ideals destroyed with the ruthless hand of realism. He was "ever willing to be deceived when the deceit was pleasant and cost nothing." He expresses the same idea in regard to women. "I am superstitious in my admiration for them and like to walk in a perpetual delusion, decking them out as divinities. I thank no one to undeceive me and to prove that they are only mortals."

One of the best examples of his powers of observation and ability to delineate character is his description of the old country gentleman, newly rich, in the old parish church ("The Sketch Book"), contrasting this bumpkin person with the unassuming high born aristocrat. After describing the gorgeous equipage in

which the o. c. g. drove up to church, he tells of his conduct during the service:

"He thought that religion belonged to the Government party, and was a very excellent thing and ought to be kept up. When he joined so boldly in the service it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious. As I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful and pronouncing it excellent food for the poor."

His pungent satire is nowhere stronger than in those sad but witty chapters of "Knickerbocker's History" in which the Dutch settlers are caustically rebuked for their treatment of the Indians.

"Not only were these poor creatures (the Indians) deficient in the comforts of life, but what was still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin and brandy, and the other comforts of life; they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed, and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of those medicines they previously introduced among them the diseases they were calculated to cure."



IRVING'S ROOM AT RED HORSE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHERE MUCH OF "THE SKETCH BOOK" WAS WRITTEN.



THE OLD GRIST MILL.

From a photograph by Adams.

"In a famous part of the Hollow where the Puritan loved its way down rugged rocks stood Cat's Mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a ghastly-looking pile: shattered and timeworn, dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams." — From *Washington Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

Three familiar individuals he characterizes and graphically describes in few words.

"The dinner-out of first rate currency when in town, who has been invited to one place because he has been seen at another; the widow of uncertain age, 'free, rich and disconsolate'; the girl graduate, who must be invited and who always consented 'to skylark it up and down the piano,' and then the 'look of the man who has the oppressive burden of providing other people's amusements on his mind.'"

Politics was something in which Irving never took any interest. His experience in a single campaign so disgusted him that he wished never to repeat it. Referring to this period he wrote:

"Truly this saving one's country is a nauseous piece of business, and if patriotism is such a dirty virtue, prythee no more of it."

In regard to his aversion to "show off" he once wrote Miss Mary Farlie, one of his early friends, and the original *Sophy Sparkle* of "Salmagundi":

"By some unlucky means I have got the character of being an interesting young man. Now of all characters in the world, believe me, this is the most intolerable for any young man with a will of his own to support, particularly in the warm weather."

His modesty often stood in the way of his advancement, and his natural inclination to hide his light under a bushel was a sad detriment to the various Mrs. Leo Hunters who wished him to adorn their drawing rooms. As he grew older, though, and more experienced in the world's ways, social life became more tolerable to him, and during his second visit to Europe, in 1815, he was warmly welcomed as a social favorite and a literary light. Financial reverses now compelled that he find as he called it "a market for his wares." Through the influence of Scott he became well known, but Murray, the publisher, declined the publication of "The Sketch Book," which by the way was written in England and sent piecemeal to the United States for publication here. Encouraged by the praise of Scott, Irving





WASHINGTON IRVING.

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of the man's nature than this incident. In 1842, in spite of his determination to remain at home, he went to Spain again, having been appointed United States Minister. The honor was entirely unsought by him, and he was reluctant to go. "It is hard, very," he humorously remarked, "but I must try to bear it." Queen Isabella II and her regents were making troublesome times in Spain at that period, and the minister had little leisure for literary work. In 1846 he resigned the position and left Europe for the last time. His life was quiet and retired from this time on. In 1855 the first volume of his "Life of Washington" was brought out, and the work on this continued until 1859, when the fifth and last volume was issued. He had meditated and pondered on this work for thirty years. The idea was suggested to him by Constable, the publisher, in London during his second visit. His other successful and most entertaining biography is that of Oliver Goldsmith. Lives of Mahomet and Columbus succeeded these works.

His last years at Sunnyside were passed in peace and happiness. Genial, kindly and cheerful in his old age, treating with utmost courtesy those who pursued him to his retreat, receiving "all sorts of letters from all sorts of people. They tore his mind from him in strips and ribbons." Of the way he passed the time he tells us his early works, dozing over a book, the girls all silently sewing about him. "As a man grows old," he used to remark to his nieces, "he must take care not to grow musty or rusty, or an old bachelor especially." And Irving never grew musty or rusty or last, commenting on his weakness with characteristic spirit. "I am apt to be rather fatigued, my dear, with my night's rest," he once told his

niece in reply to her solicitations as to his condition.

In speaking of Irving's beautiful character Thackeray, who knew and loved him, used these words: "In his family, gentle, generous, good-natured, affectionate and self-denying; in society a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood, quite unspoiled by prosperity, never obsequious to the great; eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit, always kind and affable with the young members of his calling, an exemplar of goodness, probity and a pure life."

He died as he had lived, peacefully, quietly, "with all sail set." The whole world of letters paid him homage. Statesmen discoursed on his worth; preachers spoke of his pure spirit and clean life; poets sang his requiem in tender verse; friends eulogized his character and his works; the people wept. Historical societies and municipal organizations passed resolutions of respect and regret; such orators as Edward Everett and George Bancroft delivered enthusiastic addresses; the poet Longfellow spoke tenderly of his friend—the author of the first book he ever read. Flags were floated at half-mast in New York City, and on the day of the funeral many shops were closed in Tarrytown. It was the first of December, but a balmy, Indian summer day which seemed created especially for him who loved sunshine so well. The procession wound its length through the road of Sleepy Hollow, past the spots made famous by his magic pen, to the little church, around which were gathered the simple villagers who loved him as a friend. The settling sun touched the trees with mellow light, caressing the hallowed ground in which the precious dust was laid—a simple, beautiful, touching end to a simple, beautiful and touching life.

"I rose softly, alipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber door, but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment, playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until as if by one impulse, they scampered away."—*The Sketch Book*.



"THE WIFE."

"I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers in her hair, a fresh bloom was on her cheek, her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely."—*The Sketch Book*.



"CHRISTMAS AT BRACEBRIDGE HALL."

CHARACTERISTIC
THE BEST
WASHINGTON IRVING'S



"THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE."

"She never even mentioned her lover's name, but would lay her head on her mother's bosom, and weep in silence."—*The Sketch Book*.



"RIP VAN WINKLE."

SCENES FROM
KNOWN OF
SHORTER SKETCHES.



"THE WIDOW AND HER SON."

"He sank on his knees before her and sobbed like a child." "Oh my dear, dear mother, don't you know your son?"—*The Sketch Book*.

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree." . . . "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"—*The Sketch Book*.



"THE YOUNG ROBBER."

"There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. . . . I separated myself gently from her, and seizing my poniard plunged it into her bosom."—*Tales of a Traveller*.

"Sunnyside" to-day presents outwardly the same aspect as it did when the genial spirit of its master pervaded every room. The little slip of ivy that Mrs. Jane Renwick brought from Abotsford has wellnigh covered one side of the house, completely veiling the side in which Irving's own rooms are situated. Wisteria, with great gnarled roots, has also found an abiding place here, and Virginia creepers caress the west wing. At the top of the stone coping over Irving's bedroom is a weather-vane, a cock, sent to him by Scott. The weather-beaten horse which has swerved to the wind for so many years over the topmost front pinnacle of the house, used to stand proudly on the old State House at Albany. The original "Wolfert's Roost," which Irving purchased, made his additions to and rechristened was the home of one Wolfert Acker, who inscribed his favorite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust" (Pleasure in Quiet), over the door. This was commonly called "Wolfert's Rest," and was later corrupted into "Wolfert's Roost." When Irving took possession of the place he modelled his additions by the same Dutch architecture. Four years before his death he erected the porch that have been added since his death have just been torn down, and extensive alterations and repairs are being made by the grand-nephew, who has but recently purchased the place. The new part of the building will follow the same Dutch lines of architecture as the original, so when finished the whole will be a symmetrical and typical old Dutch mansion. The two nieces of Mr. Irving who were with him at the time of his death have lived at "Sunnyside" ever since (not always during the winter, however); but having grown very old and feeble and unable to keep the place up as it should be, they disposed of it to the grand-nephew, who will move in next spring. The old furniture has been removed

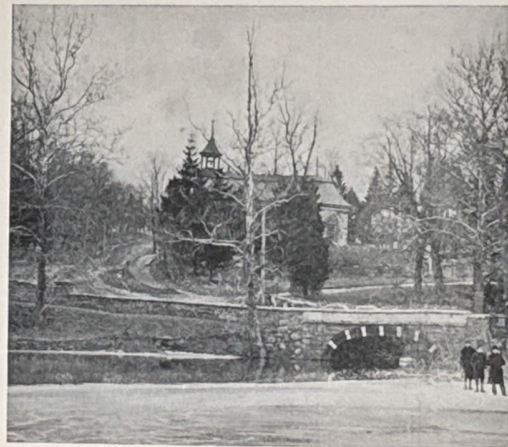
IRVING'S HOME TO-DAY.

and stored for safe keeping, but before this was done, the rooms were photographed, that everything might be arranged in exactly the same positions as before.

Three of the noble elms before the front door were planted by Irving himself. No doubt it was in these very branches the birds he so charmingly describes in a chapter of "Wolfert's Roost and Other Papers" built their little nests and chirped their choruses for him. As one wanders about the grounds to-day, the imagination conjures up the spectacle of Irving opening his window blinds of a bright, sunny morning (I say bright and sunny, because it does not seem possible that gloomy weather could visit so delightful a spot) and looking out over the smooth stretch of lawn that surrounds the house. There are cedar trees and elm trees, oak trees and spreading horsechestnuts, which drop their heavy fruit on the walk. Just beyond the driveway, a little brook leaps down the wooded hill, over browned stones and rolling pebbles, to lose itself in the broad river which glides so majestically past. Opposite, the beautiful Palisades rise in all their precipitous grandeur, crowned with verdure and enduring as the ages. Up the river gleams out the white tower of the lighthouse on Kingsley's Point. "Sunnyside Lane," which leads to the house, is the most picturesque thoroughfare imaginable. It is thickly lined with trees, whose boughs interlace overhead. Along the sides are tangled growths of the little brook tumbles hastily down the hill, and here and there a stray chipmunk or squirrel darts along the stone wall, which is tumbled with age and coated with moss and lichens. One makes the way through beautiful Irvington, past the homes of the great and wealthy, by the Memorial Church which Irving attended, over the broad,

smooth roads, roofed in with noble trees, three miles to Tarrytown. From here the road is beautiful as ever, but the houses are more frequent and less elegant. The statue to commemorate the capture of the unfortunate Major André stands on a little hill, above the main street. Finally as the way grows more wild and woody, one perceives in the green distance a gleaming of white shafts among the trees. The path declines; a little stream murmurs by, lined with a long row of weeping willows; on either side are rocky, wooded hills, on which the verdure is taking the red and gold tints of autumn; the marsh grass grows green and lush; there are apple

trees freighted with a luscious burden of yellow fruit; golden rod proudly waves its regal banner; a soft stillness pervades the air; the sun is warm and sweet; the scene lulls the senses into a delicious languor: it is Sleepy Hollow. Here is the path along which poor Ichabod Crane was pursued by the Headless Horseman; here is the very spot where he met with disaster. The old bridge has long ago crumbled to ruin, and a substantial brick and stone structure takes its place; the stream has dwindled to small proportions, shallow, spreading out to make the Hollow marshy in certain places, but the old Dutch church still stands, just as it



THE ENTRANCE TO SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, SHOWING THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AND A NEAR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BRIDGE.

From a photograph by Ahrens.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

did nearly two hundred years ago. A stone tablet over the door announces that it was erected in 1699 by Frederick Philips and Catharine Ann Cortland, his wife. A quaint edifice it would be hard to find. Services are held in it for three months in the summer, but the rest of the time it is left alone to brood over its memories of the past and ponder on the future which awaits its historic walls. The cemetery is on the hill back of the church, the Irving lot being on the summit, commanding a view both sweeping and superb. The lot is boxed in with a green hedge, and tall trees wave above the resting place of several generations of the fine old family. The first tombstone of Washington Irving was entirely chipped away by relic hunters, but the new one which replaced it is more carefully

guarded. Its corners are rounded, and the slab bears upon its face the simple inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING
Born April 3, 1783
Died Nov. 28, 1859.

His mother is buried on one side, and his brother William on the other. From this spot one looks down into Sleepy Hollow in all its picturesque decay. In the distance to the west sweeps the broad Hudson; on the other side are the autumn-clad hills, touched by the afternoon sun into a blazing glory; the quiet graves and the solemn church near at hand fill one with a strange repose—an ideal spot in which to dream, a perfect place in which to live, a peaceful, restful home for the dead.

Beatrice Sturges.



THE IRVING LOT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

From a photograph by Ahrens.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

brought out "The Sketch Book" himself in England, and the volume met with such speedy and favorable notice that Murray finished the first edition and got out a second. The *Literary Gazette* criticised the book most kindly. Byron said that he knew it by heart. Irving's friendship with Scott was long and gratifying; Kean, Campbell, the poet Moore, Rogers, D'Israeli, Jeffrey, and the publishers Constable and Murray were all new acquaintances.

Irving was always averse to public dinners, and still more opposed to making speeches at them. Many humorous anecdotes are told about his habit of falling asleep in public, which of course are greatly exaggerated. D'Israeli relates that Irving "always slept at dinner. One day as he was dining at Mr. Hallam's they took him asleep to Lady Jersey's room, and to see the Sieur Geoffrey when he opened his eyes in the illumined saloons was really quite admirable—quite an Arabian tale." He usually slept poorly at night, and for this reason may easily be pardoned for drowsiness at the tedious functions to which he was so often bidden. In 1826, a story was circulated and even found its way into print linking his name with that of the Empress Maria Louisa, and commenting on their alleged proposed marriage, but the tale was too absurd to gain credence among sensible folk.

In favor of his literary pursuits he declined the mayoralty of New

York, a seat in Congress and the secretaryship of the navy under Van Buren, preferring to remain abroad, to roam and write at will. "Tales of a Traveler" were produced about this time. His appointment as Secretary of Legation at Madrid soon followed. His life in Spain was one of the most productive periods of his entire literary career. Here he translated Navarrete's "Voyages of Columbus," and undertook his own "Life of Columbus," which was destined to win him much glory as a historian. It gained for him the medal offered by George IV for historical composition. During the busy summer of 1829 he lived in Lindaraja's apartments in the Alhambra, and with poetic surroundings he was inspired to write his "Conquest of Granada and the Alhambra." It was in this summer also that he made a rambling expedition with Prince Dolgorouki, of the Russian embassy at Madrid, from Seville to Granada, along the picturesque hills and verdant valleys of Spain. Their way wended by the River Guadalquivir, "whispering among reeds, rushes and pond lilies," and whose banks bloomed with

yellow myrtle and scarlet pomegranate. The orange and citron shed their perfume on the warm air, and the nightingale sang its love song to the enchanted wanderers. Amid such scenes as this 'tis small wonder that his pen flowed fluently; and when the travelers had reached the romantic ruins of the Alhambra, that relic of Spanish grandeur, so beautiful



FROM C. E. LESLIE'S PAINTING OF IRVING.

ful in its picturesque decay, it is not surprising that his brain wove many fancies of ancient knights and ladies, and recalled the chivalrous deeds and daring expeditions of bold warriors, the flashing eyes and clicking castanets of beautiful señoritas, and the ancient pride and glory of old Spain.

Returning to more prosaic England

"Sunnyside," the house which has been so inseparably linked with his name, and settled down to the enjoyments of domesticity, with his brother and his family, and a number of nieces.

Freehearted and generous hospitality was found within his walls; his friends were entertained royally. Two of his most distinguished visitors were



IRVING AT BEVILLE, 1838.

From the drawing by Wilkie.

as Secretary of Legation at London, he received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford, and edited Bryant's poems, securing for his countryman an English audience. Two years later, in 1832, he returned to America and was given a great ovation in New York. A banquet was tendered him and honors of all kinds were heaped upon the first American to win a name in letters both at home and abroad. He purchased

Daniel Webster and Napoleon III. A Western trip, taken to familiarize himself with his own country, resulted in the works "Astoria," "A Tour on the Prairies," and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." His cherished plan to write a history of Mexico was sacrificed when he heard that Prescott was at work on the same theme. Nothing in his whole life is more indicative of the generosity and kindness

THE SKETCH-BOOK

LOWELL'S "RECEIPT" FOR IRVING.

To a true post-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine old English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out-of-doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lay sun filtering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee.—just Irving
—Fable for Critics, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Pioneers of American Literature

I. WASHINGTON IRVING.

THIS article is not intended to be a critical essay on Irving's works, but an appreciation of his singular genius, his fascinating style and his dreamy influence. Perhaps the narrative is rambling, but at any rate it is sincere in its desire to present a truthful and readable account of the life and works of the great man, colored by recollections of a pilgrimage to Sunnyside and Sleepy Hollow. For all those who worship at literary shrines, but have never made this journey, there is in store more picturesque delight and refreshment for the soul than this cold type can suggest.

Few figures in the history of literature offer a more attractive subject for the student, the aspirant or even the casual reader than Washington Irving, the "Father of American Letters." His character as a typical American, his unique and marked success abroad, his speedy recognition in his own country, his pathetic romance, his gentle, quiet and simple life, and his peaceful death, embrace the highest and best elements in human nature and in the line of work

in which he was the pioneer. As a humorist he occupies a distinct position. The quality of his wit was peculiar; dry, genial and winsome; not merely the flash of sudden inspiration, but the continued atmosphere of delicate sarcasm, apt allusion and sustained humor that scintillates in every well-turned sentence. This quaint atmosphere pervades the entire "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and by its contrast with the exquisite pathos of many essays in "The Sketch Book," forms one of the most striking examples of the author's versatility. Compare the story of "The Widow's Son" with the narrative of "The Stout Gentleman"—one the extreme of sadness, the other the height of drollery; contrast the plegmatic *Knickerbocker* with the delicately beautiful *Wife of "The Sketch Book"*; linger over the pathos of "Rural Funerals," then dry your tears with the whimsical fantasy of *Ichabod Crane*. And *Rip Van Winkle*—that immortal creation of Irving's genius, rendered still more enduring in fame by the art of Joseph Jefferson—the best known in the few legends America owns, and the quaint-



IRVING'S BEST KNOWN PORTRAIT.

From the painting by Chappel, after a daguerrotype in the possession of the family.

est; the child of two geniuses, famous in two fields and loved by all. Who has not smiled in sympathy with young *Rip*, the careless, gay and winsome vagabond, playing with the children and romping or hunting with his dog? Who has not wept when the exasperated and outraged *Gretchen* turned him out into the dark night, with wind and rain to beat upon his unprotected, good-for-nothing head? And who has not pitied the sorrows of poor old

Rip, with youth, friends and even dog passed away—vanished into the thin air of yesterday, with not even a stray little gnome left to explain the mystery of the mysterious sleep. Have not your very bones ached in sympathy with the rheumatic joints of the ragged, white-haired old creature, stiff and weary with his long rest?

Then the boastful schoolmaster, *Ichabod Crane*, with his gaunt limbs and presuming yet diffident face;

When this fit was over he journeyed to London and had the intense pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble act. When this trip was ended he resumed his law studies in New York, although feeling, as he said, "a fatal propensity to *belles-lettres*." He contributed letters on the drama and various customs of New York to his brother's paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, under the pseudonym of *Jonathan Oldstyle*, and became a great favorite in society—"a champion at the tea-parties." It was at this time that his one romance reached its unhappy culmination. He had long been enamoured of Miss Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of Judge Hoffman, in whose law office he was employed. She was described as being a lovely maiden, "too spotless for this contaminated world," full of feminine graces, and devoted to her admirer. But grim death put a stop to the pretty love story—smiles were changed to tears, and instead of bridal robe they fashioned a shroud for the fair young girl, whose life went out when scarce eighteen years had passed over her head. Irving never recovered from the effects of this blow; it saddened his entire life. Not that he became morose or melancholy, for his nature was too sunny and genial for that, but her memory was ever fresh and tender with him, and he could not bear the slightest reference to her in after years. Thirty years after her death, while visiting the Hoffmans, a piece of worn and faded embroidery slipped from between the covers of a book. Mrs. Hoff-

man picked it up and handing it to Irving said, "Washington, this is some of poor Matilda's workmanship." Irving, who had been in buoyant spirits and conversing brilliantly, ceased talking almost immediately and soon left the house with saddened countenance. Her bible and prayer book he kept always with him, and in the early days of his bereavement slept with them under his pillow. After his death, there were found among his private papers her miniature and a lock of hair. In many of his writings a vein of melancholy is visible, as, for instance in "Bracebridge Hall," the following words:

"There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world, that have loved me as I never again shall be loved."

And in a private note-book he has written in the year 1822, thirteen years after her death, "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

The heartrending pathos of his meditations on the graves of loved ones in "Rural Funerals" ("The Sketch Book") could never have touched the reader so deeply had not the words sprung from real and personal grief.

Before Miss Hoffman's death Irving was preparing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and afterwards he revised and finished it, but naturally the book had sad associations for him, and he said, "The time and circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction."



MATILDA HOFFMAN.

By per. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Irving's First Love.



OLD DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, IRVING'S IMMORTAL CREATION, TELLING STORIES TO CHILDREN.

From an engraving by Elminger. The portrait of Irving is one of his best, and is from a drawing made by Charles Martin at "Sunnyvale," Dec. 15, 1891.

In spite of this, the book was a great success. It has been called one of the few masterpieces of humor, and had quite a circulation in England as well as this country. Before its appearance various advertisements were inserted in the *New York Evening Post*, inquiring as to the whereabouts of "a

small elderly gentleman in black coat and cocked hat who left a M.S. behind him at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street." In this way public interest was stimulated until the quaint little volume was published. Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott was the first Englishman to "discover" Irving and to praise his

